

In The Garden Of Abdullah and Other Poems.

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Adolphe Nanziger.



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In The Garden Of
Abdullah
and Other Poems

By
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SECOND EDITION

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What is best in these lines
I dedicate to
Mrs. Phoebe A. Hearst

APR 20 1916

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FOREWORD TO THE SECOND EDITION

In the year Nineteen-hundred, while in Washington, I showed Ambrose Bierce, who a decade before had revised my story *THE MONK AND THE HANGMAN'S DAUGHTER*, the manuscript of a number of poems I had written on diverse occasions. He pronounced them, as he had pronounced the story referred to, "good enough for publication".

I did not offer the work to a publisher, because I had not sufficient confidence in myself as a poet. I looked upon my verses as a boy regards some stolen sweets which he hides lest he be found out and punished for his act. The English language being with me one acquired, I was keenly fearful of the critics' cry what I, a foreign Saul, was doing among the Prophets of English prosody.

Three years later, while American consular representative at Madrid, Spain, an American happened to see that very manuscript of poems, and enthusiastically declared that they ought to be published, and with a generosity that seemed to me then sublime, proposed to take the manuscript to London for publication. I consented, and that was the last I ever saw of that manuscript. Upon a fervent inquiry I received the laconic reply that the manuscript had been stolen at one of the big hotels in the English metropolis.

Instead of anger or sadness a certain joyous enthusiasm came to my soul, for, said I to myself, if that thief, despising gems of price, which he could have taken from my putative literary benefactor, deemed them as dross by comparison with my poems, his act, though predatory, has shown me that I am a poet, and whatever be the taste of the thief, as some might sneeringly say, I had found one person who appreciates my worth. For his sake I would not

destroy the Sodom and Gomorrah of my poetic activity. Poor Socrates. He said, *Gnosis auton* (know thyself). He had much to learn. He neither knew the poets whom thieves by night called into consciousness of their high destiny, nor yon shrinking songsters who never know themselves until the cudgel in the rude hand of a burly critic knocks them into a consciousness of their unworth. In my case there was the angel Raphael (pronounced Raffles), who gave me the hint to gird my loins and prophesy to the Muses, and I obeyed.

Re-writing from memory most of the verses and adding to them as I went along, for that is really very easy for the annointed Elijahs of poetry, I compiled another manuscript.

This I read to an English publisher and so bamboozled him with sweet words and promises of fortune, that he, being of the gentle fraternity that drink wine out of authors' skulls, yielded to my siren suasion, published the volume and utterly discredited himself with his clan by paying me a handsome royalty after the sales.

A really fine English poet, seeing the cheque which I exhibited with great satisfaction in the Savage Club at London, looking rather pensively at the slip of paper, said, "Ah-er-I-say, old chap, wasn't it your-er-Abraham Lincoln-er-who said-er-that you cahnt-er-fool all the people-er-all the time?"

"For once Abraham Lincoln was wrong, my dear fellow," I replied. "Your own Billy Shakespeare did it for nearly three hundred years, and it is nowhere recorded that a thief stole *his* poems in preference to jewels of great value." I was thinking of the incident that made me a poet and caused me to get the cheque. Wonderful, isn't it?

In this, the second edition of those and other verses, an entirely different cause underlies their publication, though I am not going to enter into all its details. The chances are that the reader, who cares,

himself will discover them. I was thinking of those great poets who light the darkness of our nights with glowing star dust of their magic; who make the sunbeams dance a minuet to our fancy; who lull our senses to speechless calmitude, while our souls recline in the soft cushions of a chariot drawn by golden-shod horses through the empyrean, and, no matter what be their theme, produce in our hearts a desire to rise in harmony with the ineffably beautiful.

Thinking of those glorious poets, it came to me that we ought to help this happy state along with all such powers as we possess, and if we cannot play the master symphony to enchant the world entire, we may at least play a tune at some bucolic entertainment and be glad in the thought that in our own humble way we have helped to make some creatures happy for the time being.

Not being a great poet, I write verses for the satisfaction of the temporary impressions that breathe on the mirror of my mind, regardless of Philistine conceptions and those pious paragons with corrugated foreheads who sit in judgment over literature and life, and who would call Christ before their tribunal, did He fail to meet their narrow standards.

I dip my pen into the fount of lore of all ages, and wherever I find a gem the lustre of which ought to brighten the minds of others as it does my own, *presto!* I write, and as lustre is but a divergent degree of music, I invariably form my lines in meter and rhyme. There you have the secret. If, therefore, I do not indulge in "inversions" or twist my mental lips to utter a thought, but click my heels and whirl about in a sort of rhythmic *Reigentanz*, it is because I know not any different, and such amusement as I can afford, you are kindly requested, dear reader, to accept in the spirit in which it is presented.

ADOLPHE DANZIGER.

IN THE GARDEN OF ABDULLAH

In the Garden of Abdullah
(Sheikh and wisest of his people),
In the center of the Garden,
"Twixt a maze of thorny hedges,
Stood a tree on which there ripen'd
Yearly but a single Péri,
Lucent like the stime of Iris,
And transporting by its fragrance.

Of the Péri passed a legend
(Sacred as the Prophet's symbol),
That the seed came from the Péri
Blest and planted by the Prophet;
That if eaten with devotion
Healed the body of affliction,
Gave the mind the vastest knowledge,
And the soul its full perfection.

Yearly when the Péri ripened,
By the Sheikh away was taken
And with prayer and genuflexion,
Burned as off'ring to the Prophet,
Till the time when Méli Rahvah,
Sheikh Abdullah's growing daughter,
Reach the age of maiden glory,
She should eat the wonder Péri.

Grown was Abdullah's daughter;
Only child was Méli Rahvah,
And was sweeter than the houris
In the Eden of the Prophet.
She was destined for the Sultan,
When Abdulah had accomplished
His deferred and sacred journey
To the holy town of Meccah.

And to guard his double treasure
Sheikh Abdullah chose two watchmen
From among his many servants;
One, a giant who was sightless,
And a dwarfling, who was legless,
So that e'en if by their senses
They were tempted them to pleasure,
Ne'er could find their satisfaction.

To his mind there came the story,
How the soul was called to answer
For transgressions while indwelling
Mankind's earthly mortal body,
And the soul spake thus to Allah:
'Was not I in Thee begotten,
Allah's essence, pure and holy—
Can to evil yield the spirit?

'Is the eagle part of carion,
Though it be on carion feeding;
Is the Prophet as the camel,
Though it bear the sacred burden?
Were it not the body's cravings,
Carion that for carion lusteth,
I would never feel temptation,
For the spirit never sinneth.'

Then did Allah call the body
To his dreadful throne of Justice,
And the craven clay, appearing,
Raised his sightless eyes to Allah;
Trembled when the voice accused him
Of his lust and deeds of evil,
Evil words that evil doubled
On the path of degradation.

And to Allah spake the body,
Fearful yet himself defending,
'Clay was I of thy creation,
Unendowed for good or evil,
Till the flesh, by spirit quicken'd,
Found in life its full direction:
I was helpless and was guided,
Blind was I, the soul but led me.'

'Twas for this that Sheikh Abdullah,
Having gleaned a sacred lesson,
Teaching that concerted action
Lies in union of the senses,
That he chose the halfling watchmen.
Wise, indeed, was Sheikh Abdullah,
For the action held a problem
Scarcely able of solution.

High upon a lofty scaffold,
Overlooking all the garden,
Sheikh Abdullah placed the dwarfling,
And beneath, with mighty trumpet,
Was the blinded giant Arab.
Spake Abdullah to the dwarfling:
"At intrusion, tell the blindman,
Let him signal to the guardsmen".

Having put his house in order,
And his camel being ready
For his pilgrimage to Meccah,
Sheikh Abdullah kissed his daughter,
Prayed the Prophet to protect her
From the wily unbelievers,
Who despised the Prophet's Chosen,
Yet adored their lovely daughters.

When Abdullah had departed,
Méli Rahvah, then reclining
On a divan in the garden,
Gazed with tense and secret longing
Through the rose-vine shaded arbor,
At the roadway to the village,
Where the hero of her fancy,
Riding past, was wont to tarry.

He was not a bearded Cahdi,
Nor a chieftain of the Desert,
Who in bondage held her fancy
And her eyes to cloud with passion.
He was Bogdan, Knight of Poland,
Who had fought the Desert Arabs
And the fiercer Saracéans,
At the tombstone of the Master.

He was mounted like a Titan,
On a mighty coal-black Arab;
Eyes he had that matched the ocean
Deeply blue and all-defiant,
And his hair was long and wavy,
Seeming as if spun of amber,
Which the sunlight showed in dancing,
Mischief-making, wonder ringlets.

Méli Rahvah gazed with longing,
Through the iron-grated arbor.
There were peasants with their donkeys,
Women tattled with their neighbors;
Children shouted at the Mufti,
And a Dervish, too, was passing,
But the lover she expected
Did not come to still her longing.

And anon a voice was speaking,
Speaking softly at the arbor;
“I have donned this Dervish garment
That I may, with none to hinder,
Worship thus thy matchless beauty.
“Come with me,” the voice implored her.
Méli Rahvah’s body trembled,
And her eyes with pleasure glinted.

Seeming calmly she responded:
“Gladly would I do thy bidding,
But the portals and the garden
Both, are fended from intrusion.
E’en within are watchmen stationed.
Two are they, and though but haffings—
One is blind, the other legless—
Yet combined may halt intruders.”

“Speak, O maiden,” cried the Templar,
“And my sword shall give thee freedom,
Though an army of the Sultan
Barred the entrance to the garden.
Love lends courage to a craven,
How much more to Templar Bogdan,
Fighting for his Méli Rahvah;
But command, my sword is ready.”

“Nay, my lord,” said Méli Rahvah,
“Though I love thee well and truly,
Yet disdain I forceful measures.
Gently treated love is yielding;
wit may win where passion faileth.
Solve the problem of Abdullah,
And the halfings take the Péri,
Thou shalt come and freely take me.”

Far beyond the reach of hearing,
On the scaffold lay the dwarfling,
Eyes enraptured at the vision
Of the Iris-color'd Péri,
And beneath him sat the giant,
Chest extended, nostrils flying,
Ravished by the wafted fragrance
From the ripening, luscious Péri.

Thither hied him Templar Bogdan,
Treading lightly as a spirit;
And anon he heard the voices
Of the haflings in the garden,
Speaking of the sacred Péri.
And the olden holy legend
That the Péri youth eternal
And perfection gave to creatures.

“Eat the Péri”, said the Templar
In a whisper, like an Angel,
Giving mortals Allah’s message.
“Eat the fruit that ripens yonder,
And ye be as perfect creatures.
Thou, the sightless, shall be seeing;
Thou, the legless, shall be walking,
Both combined, shall thus be perfect”.

“Great is Allah and Mohammed
Is his Prophet,” cried the dwarfing,
“ ’Tis the spirit of the Prophet
Telling us to eat the Péri”.
But the blinded giant answered:
“Were it certain our salvation,
Never could we reach the fruit tree;
I am blind and thou art legless.”

Said the Templar, "When the sightless
Bear the seeing, there is union".
Then the halflings cried with gladness,
Cried with gladness in the mazes;
Sought and found the sacred Péri,
While the eager Templar Bogdan
Vaulted lightly o'er the paling
To the gentle Méli Rahvah.

With amazement Méli Rahvah
Saw the halflings take the Péri,
And as Bogdan now was kneeling
At her feet with love and laughter,
Méli Rahvah bent and kissed him.
"Thou hast taught me, love may conquer
E'en the wit of Sheikh Abdullah,"
Sweetly smiling, said the maiden.

Warm were yet her tender kisses
On the lips of Templar Bogdan,
When before them stood Abdullah,
With his features wrath distorted,
That his daughter gave caresses
To a Christian unbeliever,
Laden with the curse of Allah
And disdained by all the Faithful.

And the Knight was soon surrounded
By a ring of glinting weapons
In the hands of vengeful Arabs,
Glad to shed the blood of Christians.
Quickly flashed the sword of Ragdan,
To defend his Méli Rahvah;
But the maiden, with a gesture,
Bade her lover sheathe his weapon.

Sheikh Abdullah saw the gesture,
Saw the gesture and expression,
And the flame of anger higher
Rose against his daughter's lover;
And, to feed his indignation,
Came the steward of the household,
Shouting that the fruit was stolen,
Stolen by the halfling watchmen.

Consternation seized Abdullah,
Then in thought he bided silent,
While his features slowly softened.
And he murmured, "Great is Allah;
Humbled am I in my wisdom;
Safe I thought my house and garden,
Yet my daughter loves a Christian,
And the halflings stole the Péri".

Said the maiden to her father:
"Matchless was thy choice of watchmen,
Seeming safety in their weakness;
Helples one without the other;
Yet a mortal so inspired them,
That they reached the sacred Péri,
And a wit that could effect it,
Is divine and hath my worship".

Sheikh Abdullah's pride was kindled
At the words of Méli Rahvah.
"Truly hast thou spoken, daughter;
One is clay without the eyesight,
Sight is sateless for enjoyment,
And the problem I propounded
Needed Allah for solution—
Yet it seems a mortal solved it".

"May it please thee," spake Sir Bogdan,
"It was I who solved the problem,
Gently urged by Méli Rahvah,
For whose love I braved thine anger,
And the grandeur of thy wisdom;
Joining what thy wit divided,
I but told the blinded giant
Take the dwarfling on his shoulder.

“Thus in union of their senses,
One in action, found fulfillment
In their longing for the Péri,
Symbol of the body’s craving—
Yet the passions are eternal,
As eternal as the spirit;
And the spirit seeks the substance,
As the substance needs the spirit.

“And when hearts are thus united
In the love the Lord created,
Let nor wit nor law divide them,
Lest there be a world of halflings,
Ever pining and desiring,
And no gentle hand to help them,
E’en as yonder hapless watchmen
Thou didst set to guard the Péri.

“Man is halfling without friendship,
To sustain his waning courage;
Joy is halfling without sorrow,
Finely fibred to enhance it,
Grief is e’er a double burden
If unshared by friend’s affection,
And the soul but dwells in darkness
When it lacks love’s hallowed sweetness.

“Thou wilt say that I, a Christian,
Dared to love thy gentle daughter;
And I answer, we were halflings,
Till united by a spirit,
Knowing neither creed nor station,
But the simple law of nature,
Which the fancy of the Prophet
Once had called the Tree of Knowledge”.

Spake Abdullar to the Arabs:
“Down your arms and yield obeisance
To this noble man of wisdom.
If himself he name a Christian,
I respect him as a Moslem,
Whom the Prophet, too, would honor”.
Then to Bogdan spake Abdullah,
Bowing as before the Sultan:

“Lord, I long thy love suspected
For my daughter Méli Rahvah,
And her own forbidden secret
Was to me revealed and open;
’Twas against religious usage;
Yet I loved my daughter dearly,
And I planned to show her error,
Yielding to a Christian’s passions.

“But thy words have shown thy greatness,
And my daughter, Méli Rahvah,
Wisely chose her mundane master—
Master, since he saw the symbol
Of the Péri and the halfings.
Now, that love and truth united
Two of alien creed and races,
Take ye, too, Abdallah’s blessing.”

“MOTHER”

The dearest name on earth,
The name of matchless worth
Is Mother!

My heart is rapture bound
When I but hear the sound
Of Mother.

And poets' noblest song
In ev'ry land and tongue
Is Mother.

Yet speech cannot explain
This word, so deep, if plain,
Of Mother.

No grief or sin can kill
Her love—she weeps, yet still
Is Mother.

All love, how fierce it burn,
In time to ashes turn
Save Mother.

Our speech can say no more;
We know but to adore
You, Mother.

WHEN THE WORK OF DAY IS DONE

When the work of day is done,
In the dusk, a vision clear
Rises on my sight of one
Ever loved and ever dear.

She, my queenly mother, stands
Sadly gazing at the place
Once my own and wrings her hands,
Finding naught but empty space.

Mother heart, that prays and sighs,
Shedding scalding tears that fall
Orient as pearls, that rise
Up to God in anguished call.

Thus I see thee, saintly one,
Ever loved and ever dear,
Daily, when my work is done,
And my homage is a tear.

LOVE THAT NEVER FAILS

Long, long ago, when I was young,
A youth his friendship to me swore;
He vowed to aid me all life long,
Though ev'ry one me hatred bore.
There came a day—it comes to all—
We need a friend, a kindly thought—
I called the friend—in vain the call,
I never found the friend I sought.

When I was young and fair and strong,
My love-lit soul in rapture soared;
I sang to her my sweetest song,
For I found love where I adored.
But e'en the words that gently flow
From honeyed lips and each caress
May soon to dead'ning ashes grow
Beneath the hidden faithlessness.

I well recall the time, so long,
The wide, wide world I sought to roam;
I asked no vow of faith among
The dear ones whom I left at home.
And yet, as years were passing on
And I became by grief assailed,
It was by your sweet love I won,
O Mother Love that never failed.

MOTHER'S LAST GOOD-NIGHT

(A Reminiscence)

I'll kiss thee now, my mother said,
At dawn of day thou must away;
Good night, my son; now go to bed.

I see her now, as here I write,
Her noble face, showed not a trace
Of anguish as she said Good-Night.

Yet deep in those her love-lit eyes
A moment brief betrayed her grief,
But quickly waned as lightning dies.

My saintly mother planned a goal
Where, after strife, my later life
Should show the world a chastened soul.

I failed to grasp her noble thought,
And when she went I quickly sent
My mind to dream, and dreaming, wrought.

Great deeds that rang from land to land;
Renown and gold I gained untold,
And ruled the world with mighty hand.

And so my childish fancy spun
A golden spell, until the knell
Of midnight, striking one by one,

Proclaimed the spirit hour. I knew
And thrilled with fear lest ghosts appear,
Yet, fearing, wished they would come, too.

And lo! Within the door there stood
A form in white that held a light
It was a spirit but—of good.

It was my mother dear, who had,
No heart for sleep and fain would peep,
Once more on her departing lad.

She looked and then with gentle tread
Came near to me, but instantly
I slumber feigned, with shame 'tis said.

And then a tear did fall upon
My burning brow. Embrace her now,
Said Love; but Fear said, slumber on.

And when my mother went away
I glowed with heat at my deceit
And fancy then resumed its play.

Since then, alas, 'tis sad to scan
Each rocky road and heavy load
That made of me a sadder man.

Though time has gone I none the less
Can feel again, like gentle rain,
Thy tears, thy last divine caress.

THE MASTERS OF THE TOWER

(The Tower of Chateau-Renault, Touraine)

What bouts they held on yonder heights
When Barons were in power;
How they caroused the long live nights
Behind the "donjon" tower.

Strange sights my wond'ring eyes have met
Between each rotting rafter;
Meseemed I saw the Barons yet
And heard their drunken laughter.

They laughed at Henry, king of France,
And never asked his pleasure;
By saber cut and thrust of lance
They gathered in their treasure.

'Twas idle ever to complain,
For kings they were in power;
They called them Masters of Touraine,
The Masters of the Tower.

The robber Barons now are dust,
Their names live but in story ;
Their iron shields are thick with rust,
And ashes is their glory.

A ruin now the tower stands,
A frowning feudal token ;
A giant whom the head and hands,
The soul and heart are broken.

And ravens raise their mocking call
From out their gloomy bower :
We are the Barons of this hall,
The Masters of the Tower.

SUNRISE IN THE DESERT

Half-dreaming on the desert's edge I lay,
And watched the sun with tender touch caress
The sleeping palm to smiling wakefulness,
And dow'r with golden tongues the fragrant bay
Night spirits stole to crannied depths away.
And distant mountains, clad in gloomy dress
Of seething vapors from the wilderness,
Raised flaming heads to greet triumphant Day.

Low moaned the conquered spirit of the Night,
And rushed to where the desert demon slept;
With boding force Simoom arose to fight
The nascent day, by Allah blest, and leapt
In rolling clouds of awesome wrath that swept
The sky; but Allah spake: "Let there be light!"

THE YIDDISH POET

How resonant the wonder measures flow,
Despite the crudeness of the homeless tongue
In which is cast the rare and lofty song,
Wherein thy people's joys and sorrows glow.
But who reflects what soil lets roses blow,
What pow'r endows the mighty eagle's wings,
Or how the lark is miened, but how he sings:
'Tis scent and flight and song that grace bestow.

Do timid creatures analyze their fears?
In joy, who frays the tissue of his smile?
Do weeping hearts think what composes tears?
So I reek not nor probe thy Jargon's style;
I know but that thy songs my heart beguile,
And this alone thy work to me endears.

ENGAGED

As like unto a sail, by storms untried,
That blithely breasts itself to wind and gale
And, sinews vibrant, greets with gladsome hail
The sceptered sea-god in his onward ride,
Is woman's boding joy; 'tis like the bride
Betrothed to yonder mast with whose travail
It sighs and weeps, until the ocean's rail
Is stilled, then nestles coyly at his side.

And thus, O mast and sail, you are engaged
To marry when the ship shall reach its goal,
And, anchor bound, forget that storms have
 raged;
That perils lurked above the hidden shoal;
For now love's battles only may be waged
So that the victor take love's willing toll.

WHEN!

This life ends not with its decline on earth,
This hope I have to cherish till the day
When God shall call my captive soul away
To where the truth, in grand, majestic worth,
Revealed shall stand; and I, without the clay
That feeds on lies and tears and sinful mirth,
Account that I reekt not beyond the birth
Of fleeting joy that rang in mundane lay.

How shall the clay its erring acts defend,
The soul the guilt of its assent explain,
Were both on rigid justice to depend?
Did not the Father's love efface the stain
Of earthly deeds and to my conscience lend
A faith in which I can my hope sustain.

THE CASTLE ON THE LEE

(A Parable)

A man there was and rich was he,
As rich a man as man could be.
He ruled all men as like a god,
And each obeyed his slightest nod,
And like a good he wished to dwell
Above the lot whose life is hell.
By fancy lured, he raised his head,
And to his own proud self he said:

*I am a multimillionaire,
I'll build a castle in the air,
A mighty fort upon a lee,
Above the forest, hill and sea.
I'll soar as mighty eagles, clear
Above the earth, and laugh at fear
That grips the human worms below
As thunders roll and tempests blow.*

*I shall defy the crash and shock
Within my house of granite rock.*

The backs of thousand slaves were bent
'Neath heavy loads, and rocks were rent
And marble cut to perfect art
To lend a grace to ev'ry part.
With gardens of a magic spell,
Wherein Olypian gods might dwell.
Until there stood quite firm and fair
The castle of the millionaire.

A turret room, octagonal,
Rose high above the lordly hall.
The windows were of gems whose sheen
Did magnify the outer scene,
Thus passed in panoramic view
The son of toil, at work with thew,
To force the patient mother field
The food for man and beast to yield.

He heard the shepherd's call, the barks
Of docile dogs and songs of larks.
He saw the mountains, capped with snow,
Lambent in new born daylight glow.
He heard the sighs of lives in gloom,
He saw the toilers at the loom,
Bereft of hope, bereft of joy,
A rag of life—the Reaper's toy.

He saw the children fall with irk
In soul and body killing work.
And tender girls, whom cruel greed
Condemned a leprous race to breed.
He heard the groans, he heard the sobs,
He saw the ragged, hungry mobs,
He heard their cry for work and bread,
He saw the slaughter and the dead—

He heard it all and saw it all
From yonder lofty turret hall.
And thrice he laughed in boundless mirth.
*What bliss, he said, to see the earth
From this secure and lofty height.
Behold, it whets my appetite
To see again the earthly pest,
I'll doubly now enjoy my rest.*

*And as the moments came and went,
He felt exceedingly content.*

And, gazing at the sky, he saw
What seemed a speck, a little flaw,
The matchless, perfect blue contained,
That soon, like forces held enchained
And loosened, leapt, grew black and
low'r'd
With boding wrath, then rolled and
roared.

The ocean heaved, convulsed with pain,
His foamy head again, again,

Was crashed against the rocky wall,
Despairful moanings in its fall,
And on the furies sprang or crept
Then at the trembling forest leapt.
The leaves in murmurs told their dread
The trees bent low, the furies sped
Away through forest hill and dale
With gruesome havoc in their trail.

The millionaire contently thought,
*The house is strong my slaves have
wrought,*
I can defy the crash and shock
Within my house of granite rock.
His pride was just, his house was good,
The storm's attack it quite withstood.
And proudly then he raised his head
And thus defiantly he said :

I hold the mighty magic rod,
I fear no man, I fear no god,
I laugh at both and them I mock
Within my house of granite rock.

An earthquake came and wrenched the lee,
The granite house fell in the sea.
It took the castle from the air
And also took the millionaire.

THE NEW YEAR

New Year, what wilt thou bring
To those whose hearts desire,
To those whose souls aspire?
This is our questioning.

We feebly see the styme
That tells the light of day;
The part we are to play
Is known to far flung time.

And so we breathe our prayer:
That love be ours and health,
And with them also wealth—
Enough and some to spare.

For, both, my love and I,
Are keen for others' weal,
And never let appeal
Unanswered pass us by.

We love each other so,
That we would gladly give
To those who loveless live,
The good we can bestow.

Life's aim should be to rise
Untrammelled as the dove;
To teach the miser, love,
The spendthrift, to be wise.

'Twere bliss and life a prayer,
If joined to love and health,
We had sufficient wealth
That all the poor might share.

'Tis thus to hope we cling,
And wish and pray and fear;
If but our wish, New Year,
Thou wouldst fulfillment bring.

COURAGE IS KING

A new Year's Toast

To friends we have made, and plans we have laid,
If noble the thought that laid them,
No failure or fear can touch us this year,
For friends are true if—we made them.

So up with a cheer to the passed old year,
And hail with delight the new one;
Let bravely us sing, for COURAGE IS KING,
And stick to a friend—a true one.

PHYSIOGNOMY

In ev'ry face,
The soul you trace,
The hidden secret mystery ;
The thought concealed,
Is there revealed,
And e'en the human history.

But few have skill,
To read at will,
What nature writes so plainly ;
And thus 'tis said,
Not being read,
She often writes but vainly.

THE LOAN

(A Parable)

A man there was who left his land
To build his tent on alien soil,
And wrest from Fate with honest hand
The toll she yields to earnest toil.

And by his side, for weal or woe,
There was his wife, who to the tent
A jewel brought of wondrous glow,
That One to her had kindly lent.

The jewel filled the tent with light,
A light, that by its glow did bless
The One who made their life so bright,
And touched all hearts with tenderness.

As He, the lender, asked not them
To yield at once the precious loan,
The happy mortals thought the gem
Forever would remain their own.

Alas! there soon arrived a day,
When cruel fate dealt them a blow;
The Owner came and took away
The light that caused the gem to glow.

The humble dwellers, crushed, bereft,
Were grieved to face a lifeless toy
That lay inert, and had been left,
It seemed, to mock their former joy.

While yet in grief there sat the twain,
A light of knowledge came to them,
That He, who gave, can give again,
And He may lend another gem.

For all things have their purposed goal,
And living eyes shall learn to see
The aims of each predestined soul,
That love may live in memory.

THE STRONG

And yet withal, the world loves not a fool;
 'Tis he, who fiercely fights with might and
 main,
That wins the day; the brave will live; the rule
 Holds good for man and beast; the weak are
 slain
To give the strong their boding force to try
Full use of life; the quick will live, the slow must
 die.

So great is courage's pow'r, that e'en the eyes
 Of love, that much forgive, a craven heart,
That beats with fear and halts, will soon despise.
 For love loves courage as the chiefest part,
And courage wins when whining cowards fail,
As winds serve best a full resisting sail.

So lovéd are the strong, that e'en the Crucified
 Holds forth to them His pierced and bleeding
 hand,
And says: In agony and death I've tried
 To teach, that strength is God's supreme com-
 mand;
For they who suffer much and suffer long,
Though weak in flesh, remain in spirit strong

THE CALL OF UNCLE SAM

I am calling, yes, I'm calling
Labor loving to this land;
I am ready for the falling
With a strong and helping hand.

I have lands in ev'ry county,
Cozy homes in ev'ry State;
And I yield a stintless bounty
All who rise above their Fate.

In my land the strong may stumble,
And the highest flyer drop;
While a fellow, meek and humble,
Climbs as quickly to the top.

In this land of never, never-
Failing opportunity,
There is profit for the clever,
And enjoyment for the free.

There be toilers in the trenches,
Earning bread the meaner way;
While the workers at the benches
Technique wonders bring to play.

There be plowers and the seeders
On the mighty western plain;
There be planters and the breeders,
And the seas of amber grain.

There be metal-getting miners
For the Nation's golden dome;
And the sweet and gentle shriners
Building altars in the home.

I am calling, firm, yet tender,
To the sad in ev'ry land,
Willing, like a man, to render
Service and a helping hand.

YOUR FACE

An Angel lower'd
To paint thy face,
And on it poured
A limpid grace
To be adored.

TO MY LADY

No crown can sweeter graces
Thy womanhood impart,
For, written on thy face, is
A noble mind and heart.

MY LADY'S EYES

My lady's eyes, the rarest eyes,
My pen in vain to limn them tries,
For light with light in them vies
And archly all my art defies.

They seem at times intensely blue,
The kind that men believe are true,
A sort of firmamental hue,
When gods the Way with stars bestrew.

I look again and find them grey,
With steely strength that holds at bay
The fierce desire, that men display,
When beauty potent is to sway.

My lady's eyes are things apart,
For as I press her to my heart,
Her eyes send forth an amber dart
That trills me like some mystic art.

INCONSTANCY

Woman doomed to constant fretting
For a lover far away
Falls a victim to—forgetting
When another comes to stay.

THE ASS AND THE SAGE
(Experiencia docet)

An Ass there was, a Sage bestrode
To seek a hidden treasure;
The Ass, he sighed beneath the load,
And ambled on at leisure.

The Sage, he thought the Ass a lout,
Too lazy for his riding;
He then began abuse to shout
And gave the Ass a hiding.

At this the Ass indignant grew
At him, a Sage, who'd act thus,
And at a certain spot he threw
The Sage into the Cactus.

And pulling pins from—where he sat—
He said, "Experience teaches,
When riding, you an Ass would swat,
Just wear your leather breeches."

MIRACLES EXPLAINED

(To a Female Critic of a Man's Morals)

I am not wise, I am not good,
I'm but a simple creature;
Yet have I seen a wonder done:
A Goose became a Preacher.
In scathing terms the Goose held forth
To show, the path was risky
The gay man trod, because he loved
Some women, plays and whisky.

The female congregation thought
The Goose divine at teaching
The frisky man a lesson hard
And gloried in the preaching.
Thus history repeated was
As 'twill repeat forever;
A silly goose once saved old Rome
And Romans thought her clever.

To pay the Goose, the wondrous one,
They gratefully did stuff it;
But wonders happened in those days:
An Ass rebuked a Prophet.
Yet neither point is very clear
And reason here must tackle:
What caused the Prophet's Ass to talk?
What caused the Goose to cackle?

But logic guides the mind perplexed,
The cause is soon detected:
The Gander played with other geese,
To which the Goose objected.
Similibus, I now infer:
The Ass refused the buffet,
Because the Prophet rode the Ass
And not the Ass the Prophet.

THE LILY AND THE ROSE
(*A Fable*)

When God had willed this world to be,
He smiled, and lo, His very face
Enflamed a scene of symmetry,
Of beauty, love and matchless grace.

And dulcet sounds from flowers rang
Wherein the gentle zephyrs played,
While love its sweetest cadence sang
In all the Master Mind had made.

As night had fallen on the scene,
The lily—glowing deeply red,
The rose, that gleamed in white serene,
With fervent speech did woo, and said:

Oh, rose, fair rose, I pray, incline
Thine ear and harken to my plea,
Behold, my heart with love ferine
Is burning, fairest rose, for thee.

The rose then said: I can't return
Thy passion, for the Lord above
No blood infused my veins to burn
With fierce desire; I can not love.

At this the lily's passion grew
Yet more intense, her heart would break
If love came not to save, she knew,
And sighed. At length she smiled and spake.

Fair rose of love, do not despair,
The Lord in wisdom did ordain
That I my blood with thee shall share
And share with thee all bliss and pain.

The rose then smiled with silent scorn,
Prepared to play a hateful part;
She forthwith sent her sharpest thorn
To pierce the loving lily's heart.

The lily's blood flowed all the night
Upon the rose's face and head,
And morning found the lily white,
The rose a deep and vivid red.

And when the rose was thus arrayed
In carmined dress of rarest hue,
And gems wherein the sunbeams played,
A Fairy gave her fragrance, too.

But since the rose did not repent,
But gloried at her suitor's woe,
The Lord imposed a punishment
That she on thorny stalks should grow.

AFTER THE CONFESSION

I oft forget religious feasts
In culling love's sweet roses.
Alike to me are Church and Creed
Of Christ or that of Moses.

For both proclaim that thou shalt love
Thy neighbor with affection.
And I, in sooth, have never failed
To give him my protection.

To love a neighbor as thyself,
Is sweet, and well and human,
But one can more intensely love
A neighbor who's a Woman.

Not long ago my neighbor was
A maid of Jewish fashion,
Who taught me the Mosaic laws
With oriental passion.

She's married now, her husband is
A portly Jewish brother,
But neighbor love, that gentle law,
I practise with another.

For now my neighbor is a maid
The Church of Rome professes,
Her eyes are like the ocean's depth,
Like amber are her tresses.

I love Marie and love her faith,
Which was for comfort given,
For one may sin and tell the Priest
And soon be wholly shriven.

But people do not always tell
Of all the sins committed,
A tiny sinlet here and there
Is now and then omitted.

It was not always thus, in Rome
The penitents did spinning,
Today one gives the Church her pence
And gladly goes on sinning.

But cease this thought, my neighbor
fair,
On whom my love now centers,
Anon, like incarnated rhythm,
My lonely chamber enters.

“What bodes this look,” to her I say,
“This highly wrought expression?”
“This is,” she answers, “Easter week,
And I have made confession.”

“Didst tell the Priest,” I cry, “how oft
My breast thy bosom crushes
Until thine alabaster neck
Is dyed with crimson blushes?”

Didst tell"—“Now hush,” she calmly
says,
“To practise virtue better,
I’ve told the Priest of ev’ry sin,
Aye, to the very letter.

“I am a better Christian now,
No sin my soul distresses,
’Tis sweet, my dear, to be absolved
When one but full confesses.”

“ ’Tis truth, delightedly I cry,
“The mind is dull that misses
To note the change—I know, Marie,
I feel it in—thy kisses.

For only one as pure as thou
Can laugh such saintly laughter,
Marie, my dear, confess again,
Thy love is sweeter after.”

THE SONG OF SONGS

(*Das Hohe Lied-Heine*)

A woman, is a poem grand
That God, by genius smitten,
With graceful touch and master hand,
In Nature's book has written.

He chose the moment well enough
To form his inspiration,
And made of that rebellious stuff
An excellent creation.

In sooth, a woman's body far
Surpasses all romances;
Her limbs, so white and plastic, are
The most poetic stanzas.

How well the gracious Poet wrought
The neck—he curved so finely—
And on it poised the central thought—
The curly head, divinely.

The billowed breasts, with rosebuds done,
Are epigrams in measure;
The metric space between each one
Affords enchanting pleasure.

The Poet's plastic art reveals
Each hip which full of grace is;
The mystic Ode the leaf conceals,
A noble Law embraces.

No fanciful conception this,
But flesh and blood that hisses
With passion, speech, and lips that kiss
In rhymed and metric kisses.

Here rings the truest poetry
With grace in each inflection,
And on its face indelibly
Is stamped divine perfection.

I praise Thee, Lord, as praise I must,
And all the world shall know it,
Compared with Thee we're bungling dust,
O, matchless, heavenly Poet.

I ponder deeply ev'ry way
Thy work of plastic beauty,
And tireless am by night and day
In this divinest duty.

And sweet it is to revel in
Thy work with soul and body,
Though, Lord, I'm growing pale and thin
From overzealous study.

THE MYSTERY OF LOVE

Seek not love's magic to explain,
Nor try its arts to analyze;
Thou'lt find thy labor all in vain;
Love is no thesis for the wise.
For Love is Love and nothing less
Nor more; nor ever seeks a "how"
Or "why"; it crowns with tenderness
The Monarch's as the Peasant's brow.

To logic Love can give no place,
Since Love at Reason laughs; 'tis bold
To say, that Folly young has grace
Far sweeter than a Sage who's old.
Nor does it yield to stern commands
Of Law; nor heeds the call of wealth.
It roams like errant Gypsy bands
And works its chosen way by stealth.

It lives on what it feels is wrought,
As bees upon the flowers live,
And passes oft in gladsome thought
Its honey other lips to give.
And Love divine, though old, stays young
Eternal, whitewinged as the dove,
And bright as stars in high heaven hung,
With Cupid peeping from above.

Lyrics

CUPID COMES STEALING

Cupid comes stealing,
A thief in the night,
Deftly concealing,
His arrows from sight.

Treading quite lightly,
Love passes the heart;
Cupid draws tightly
And speedeth his dart.

Mortally wounded,
Love weepeth with pain;
Cupid, unbounded,
But laughs at the slain.

He mocketh love's play
Till the rise of the sun,
And flieth away
When the mischief is done.

TO A ROSE

O Rose, divine in thy red array,
Thy lustrous face with love a-light;
Benign and fair as sun-lit day,
Enchanting as the star-lit night.

I knew thee in a better life,
Where death was not nor was decay,
And peace, unmarred by human strife,
Sublimely made the perfect way.

Until the mystic Voice divine
Ordained my soul to mortal's doom,
And thee, O, sister soul of mine,
A hued and fragrant rose to bloom.

I found thee in thy red array,
Thy fragrant heart with gems bedight,
I love thee as the light of day,
I love thee as the starlit night.

WHAT CARE I

What care I that shadows darken the ridge,
Or billows my bark may wantonly toss;
What care I if weak or broken the bridge
Until there has come the moment to cross.

What care I that Age will find me at length,
My body desires no longer shall crave,
If I am to-day a lion in strength,
And joyously fight the fight of the brave.

And loving my love, as fully I do,
I reckon not the day of parting and pain;
I'm happy to-day, love, happy with you,
And thoughts of tomorrow call me in vain.

TWILIGHT

Behold, how bits of rose and blue,
In fancifully blended hue,
Are fading into lambent air
That glints upon the sea ; and there,
The heaving, ever-changing light,
Is rocked to wait the coming night.
The sea devours the day,
As light is swept away,
Despairing voices call ;
The darksome shadows fall
Upon the world of light,
And then, farewell, good-night !

IS IT LOVE?

Why are thine eyes cast down sweet maid,
Why are thy cheeks so rosy red?
Why are thy hands on bosom laid,
Why bowest thou thy gentle head?
Is it love? O, maiden speak!
Is it love, the love I seek?

Why doth my heart in rapture beat
When thou art nigh, when thou art nigh?
Why do I tremble when we meet?
I fain would speak, yet can but sigh!
Is it love? O, maiden speak!
Is it love, the love I seek?

Adoring, at thy feet I kneel,
And ask no more if love it be;
The sweet, exquisite pain I feel
Has solved the sacred mystery.
Love, sweet love, my heart doth speak;
'Tis the love, the love I seek!

ASK ME NOT

Ask me not why thus I love you,
Why my heart so pines for you;
Ask the roses why they wither
Without sunshine, without dew.

See that e'en the poorest sunflow'r,
Knowing where to find her bliss,
Turns her face bedecked with dewdrops
To the sunlight for a kiss.

Dear, I know but that I love you
More than roses love the dew;
More than sunflow'rs long for daylight,
Do I, dearest, long for you.

ONE KISS
(*To Georgina*)

Had I a thousand years to live
And one in which to call you mine,
I'd gladly choose the one and give
Away nine hundred ninety-nine.

That year I'd use to drink in sips
Nine hundred ninety-nine of bliss,
And, hanging on your honeyed lips,
I'd kiss a year one single kiss.

GYPSY LOVE

Would'st win my love, then kiss to blood my lips;
Tear shred by shred my garb; with mad im-
press,
A bear like, rend and claw my quiv'ring flesh,
Destroy my last defense to thy caress.

When crushed I lie beneath thy grasp and spent,
My love is won, I then obey thy nod
And, crawling at thy feet, thou master man,
I worship thee, my conqueror, my god.

WHEN THOU WERT WHOLLY MINE

Some day, when twilight shadows fall
On paths that love with light endow'rs,
Thou wilt with longing heart recall
The thrilling bliss of those sweet hours
When thou wert wholly mine
Dear love, and I was thine.

And then, beloved, thou wilt fret,
And call the blissful past in vain;
But sighs and tears and sad regret
Shall never, never bring again
The days when thou wert mine,
Dear love, and I was thine.

Then strain me to thy heaving breast,
And let me press my lips to thine!
Oh, let us guard each moment lest
We should recall with grief ferine,
The days when thou wert mine,
Dear love, and I was thine.

AS OF YORE

I dream as lilies dream and sigh,
 Upon the moon illumined plain;
I sing as swans that sing and die,
 And think my song will still the pain.

I pray that light again might shine
 Upon the scene of former bliss,
When, pillowed on thy breast divine,
 I drank the nectar of thy kiss.

My love, my love, my heart's desire,
 I long for thee, for none but thee!
O, come and tune the golden lyre
 To love's delightful harmony;

And heart to heart and eyes to eyes,
 We'll live in rapture as of yore;
The world shall be our Paradise,
 And naught shall part us evermore!

“I MADE A BED OF ROSES”

When the birds, in dawning feather,
Softly whimper all night long,
Then the nightingale in heather,
Lifts his voice in tuneful song:

I made a bed of roses,
As none can better do;
A nest where love reposes
And ever longs for you.

E'en the brooklet, gliding over
Mossy bed beneath the lee;
Sweetly murmurs to its lover
As it rushes to the sea:

I made a bed of roses,
Of rarest scent and hue;
A nest where love reposes
And ever sighs for you.

And the forest, love's defender,
When the leaves are dew bedight,
Whispers gently, sweet and tender,
With the falling of the night:

I made a bed of roses,
For sweethearts, good and true;
A nest where love reposes
And ever longs for you.

JUST A FLOWER

A flow'r in a garden grew,
Of dulcet scent and fairest hue;
This gentle flow'r was for an hour
The sweetest flow'r I ever knew.
 The little flower trusted me,
 And loved me very tenderly;
 It wept and blushed as it was crushed,
 Yet spake no angry word to me.

In sooth, it was a merry start—
I gaily played the lover's part;
Then came a day, I would away—
Another flow'r had won my heart.
 The pretty flow'r hung its head
 When I farewell so lightly said;
 It ne'er replied, nor even cried—
 Alas! the little flow'r was dead!

COULD I BUT TELL

Could I but tell what moves my soul
When I try gracious smile behold,
Could I but hope to reach the goal
Where scenes of bliss their charms unfold.

Could I but dwell with thee, my love,
In sylvan silence far away,
Where none but chanting birds above
Attune to rapture love's sweet lay.

Could I but tell my heart's desire,
The love for which I strive and long;
I'd string with stars a golden lyre
To match the sweetness of my song.

“BONNE NUIT”

(Good Night)

That night, dear heart, when first we met,
I never can forget, Marie;
When from thy lips in accents sweet,
I heard thy gracious “bonne nuit.”

Mine ears have heard so oft since then
Its rare, bewitching melody,
That ev’ry zephyr breathes to me
A tender, thrilling “bonne nuit.”

That night of thee, my love, I dreamed,
Our hearts were twain in Paradise;
I heard again that “bonne nuit,”
Again I saw thy laughing eyes.

How oft my soul hath sought the spell
Thy grace and voice bestow, Marie;
Oh, let me see thee once again,
To hear you say that “bonne nuit.”

REST

Behind the crest of yonder purpling hill,
Low sinks the splendor glowing western sun;
The perfumed air is calm and sweetly still,
For now the day is past and toil is done.

Upon the breast of night, in sweet repose
The wearied earth reclines her grateful head;
Forgotten all her sins and griefs and woes,
She dreams of love, and in her dream is glad.

LA DANSE DU REVE

(The Dream Dance)

A sprite, so light am I, me seems,
When held by thee to thy dear heart;
The music weaves its air of dreams,
A sensous sweetness to impart.
I fain would ever glide with thee
In dance that is a dream to me.

'Tis doubly sweet to dream and dance,
To glide, to bide in love so strong;
To feel the joy thy words enhance,
And whispered as we glide along;
To float fore'er in seas of bliss,
With thee to dance and dream and kiss.

LOVE'S DREAM

I dreamed I saw a star above,
Whose eye sent forth its lambent beams,
That lit my heart with glowing love;
A love surpassing all my dreams.

I rose in rapture to the sky,
Content to leave the world below;
For love, I thought, was but on high,
Where beauty stars in splendor glow.

But love is not on yonder plane,
The gleaming stars are mute and cold;
And humble hearts will seek in vain
The love which only dreams can hold.

THE WORDS FROM THY LIPS

The sweet words thy fair lips have spoken
Have robbed me of peace and of sleep;
Their music proclaims them a token—
How rare is thy love and how deep!

And over those dear words I ponder,
I ponder by day and by night;
In darkness no more can I wander,
Yet dare not appear in the light.

I will not that freedom shall find me,
If by it from thee I must part;
Be gracious, beloved, and bind me
With fetters of love to thy heart!

LEAVE ME NOT

Leave me not to grief and pining,
For I need thy sweet caress,
As a rose the sunlight's shining,
And the dewdrops tenderness.
Shall thy sacred word be broken,
When thy heart was love arrayed;
Shall life's dearest, sweetest token,
Like a flower be decayed.

Leave me not to pain and sorrow
At the door of life's delight;
Loneliness no joy can borrow
From a hopeless, gloomy night.
Leave me not; 'tis all I'm pleading,
Thinking only this one thought;
Crying, while my heart is bleeding,
Leave me not, oh, leave me not!

THE FLOWERS' SORROW

A flow'r complained to me one day,
When still the dew upon her lay;
Her sigh told more than she confessed,
And pity 'rose within my breast.
Alas! the pretty little flow'rs
Too often know their sadder hours;
The scent that they to us impart
Is grieving from a broken heart.

At morning, when the sun is bright,
The Flowers' sorrow comes to light;
Deceived, they from their dreams arise,
And teardrops sparkle in their eyes.
Shame lends the rose a ruddy grace,
While passion pales the lily's face.
Alas, poor flow'ers, they love in gloom,
And weep at morn—yet still they bloom!

Oh, human heart, o, fragrant star,
How deep and keen your suff'rings are.
But longing heart, fear not, nor dread,
The gloomy hour; for Love his head
Shall graciously to thee incline,
And bless thee soon with joy divine.

LOVE'S LULLABY

Hush, my love, the night is falling,
Twilight gleameth in the west,
And the nightingale is calling
His beloved to the nest.

Blow-wee, blow-wee.

I made a bed of fragrant rose, love,
And pillow soft for two, love;
A dulcet nest for true love,
Where thou and I shall find repose, love,
Blow-wee, blow-wee.

See, my love, the stars are beaming
Passion-fire in ev'ry ray;
And each star is fondly dreaming
Of a star love far away.

Blow-wee, blow-wee.

Ring out, sing out, the day is done, love,
The nest is made for two, love;
A paradise for true love
Where thou and I shall be as one, love,
Blow-wee, blow-wee.

Hush, my love, and cease repining,
Lay thy head upon my breast;
And thy heart to peace inclining,
Shall be lulled to gentle rest.

Blow-wee, blow-wee.

Then kiss and whisper low, good night, love,
Our cozy nest for two, love,
Shall be a nest for true love,
For ever light and ever bright, love.

Blow-wee, blow-wee.

THE KING'S LAMENT

Alive, no, no, I'm dead,
My tortured soul is fled;
My body chilled and sore,
Will feel her touch no more
In love as oft before.

What vile and traitor hand,
By jealously unmanned,
Destroyed my gentle queen,
So regal in her mien,
So saintly and serene.

Or was it by a nod,
Of a capricious god,
My gladness to disperse,
A demon so perverse
Was sent, then him I curse.

I curse, I curse the pow'r
That gave me for an hour
The most exquisite joy
And then, as were't a toy,
With malice to destroy.

Of thousands that have sold
Their bodies vile for gold,
The vast and endless train,
Of those that live in pain
And hope they would be slain.

Of misery's broad field
That human thistles yield,
And life with evil dower,
He vented not his power,
But crushed my gentle flower.

Is madness this, or spite,
In horror to delight?
Oh, ne'er will I believe,
The reaper cuts the sheave,
The tender plants to grieve.

The reaper cuts to feed
A lower kind of breed,
And where he cuts he sows;
He harrows, but he knows
The soil much richer grows.

The plants thus cut away,
Give seed another day;
But human hearts that die,
With agonizing cry,
Forever buried lie.

What happiness if one
Could die when love is done,
And break life's iron band,
Or, with a sweep of hand,
Our pain to cease command.

But no, our mem'ries live,
And thousand tortures give;
Unquenched remains desire
In hearts with grief on fire,
Until our souls expire.

We're proud and potent kings,
When love's sweet summons rings;
The golden crowns we wear,
Bode not a single care,
Until there comes despair.

We rule with gentle hand
This dream and flower land;
When love's sweet rose is blown,
We're kings, when love is flown,
We're kings without a throne.

Quent the War

CONSOLATION

Not always will the Reaper mow the warring
hords

To satisfy the Monarchs' insane lust for crime ;

Not always swords, in useless hate, will clash
with swords,

While orphans weep and hearts are sad in ev'ry
clime ;

And though it seems, that Fate a vent for ill
affords,

There shall be Peace supreme for all in God's
own time.

LEST WE FALL

We raise our hands to Thee, O Lord,
In supplication for Thine aid;
Beyond the sea a mighty horde
A decimating war hath made,
And terror holds our hearts in thrall—
We fear, O Father, lest we fall.

Maintain, O Lord, the work we wrought
To make this nation strong and free;
The Flag, for which our fathers fought.
And made it stand for Liberty.
Proclaim Thy peace beyond recall,
Great God of Nations, lest we fall.

Oh, help us guard the old bequest,
That ever made for unity;
Oh, keep the East and keep the West,
The North and South from enmity;
Pour out Thy grace upon us all,
We pray thee, Father, lest we fall.

THE PATIENT TURK

The Balkan Kings once went to work
To war upon the Moslem Turk.
Like ancient Spain they raised a shout
That Christ is lost with Turks about.
They cut his limbs with sword and prayer
And Europe laughed at his despair.
The Turk his hate with patience nursed
And from his depth the Christian cursed.

The Balkan Allies saints were thought
Who for the good of Christ had fought;
Until they rose in fierce demand
And asked for seaports and for land.
The Powers then their fiat hurled
Into the little Balkan world.
And with an enigmatic smile
The Turk was cursing all the while.

The Blackmount King, on grandeur bent,
Up to the mountain range was sent;
The Servian dream of port and sea,
An idle dream was doomed to be.
Anon the Servian and Bulgar
Amongst them fought a bitter war.
The patient Turk, he raised no cry,
But had a glitter in his eye.

Franz Josef soon did war declare
When Servians slew the Hapsburg heir.
The Serb the Russian asked for aid,
While France an equal favor bade.
The Russ, with fondness for intrigue,
Against the Germans formed a league:
The Turk, he sensed a keen delight,
When four of them arranged to fight.

And like a gambler, dear old France,
With buoyant spirit, took a chance.
She thought the moment right to gain
Once more her Alsace and Lorraine.
The Briton, master of the sea,
A war declared on Germany.
The patient Turk, he grins and notes
How Christians cut each other's throats.

For now the war is ev'rywhere,
On land, at sea, and in the air.
The Belgians at the Germans dash,
The French with "Blut and Eisen" clash.
Again the Slavs and Teutons face
With ancient hate and pride of race.
The patient Turk, is still as night,
Until the time is ripe to smite.

L'ENVOI

The Moslem hears the far-flung cry
Of war, nor is he stirred
As shrieks of shell are heard,
And Death is grimly rushing by.
He sees them devastate and kill,
Nor shy at cruel deed;
These cultured wolves of greed.
Their faith forgot in wanton will.
The patient Turk, he still can wait,
For ev'rything must bend to Fate.

THE DAYS OF YORE
(A Memory and a Thought)

I well recall the days when I, a youth,
My soul imbued with high desire for truth,
Forsook the land and all so dear to me,
And education sought in Germany.
My own sad land was dark; oppression wrought
Distress to those who dared to speak a thought.
Though many, like some slaves who feel their
 gyves,
The press of freedom felt, their bondaged lives
No means could find to rise above their fate,
And mothered fear, which they conceived in hate.

I knew not how deep their sadness went;
What thoughts they had and what their actions
 meant.
At times I heard how men and women spoke
Of hopes to rid them of the Russian yoke.
I saw that Poles, like ghosts, in darkness stalked,
While German men in light of freedom walked.
And then, I felt a longing in my heart
To seek a sweeter life, a nobler part:
I went alone to Germany; I sought
The men to teach me and was gladly taught.

I deeply drank of that poetic lore
In which the soul to matchless heights may soar;
I strolled in mazes of their philosophy,
And reveled in their boding history.
I worked with mind aflame and studied on
With those I loved, whose hearts I, too, had won.
The more of their unselfish life I saw,
The more I thought of Russia's dreadful maw,
That fed, unsated, on my people's heart
And made poor Poland play a coward's part.

At length—it seems a dream this life of mine—
I sought that noble School at Bonn-am-Rhine;
(The School, that is for all who read and pass,
A Literatum Universitas.)
And there the son of "Unser Fritz" I saw;
His face was like a star, without a flaw;
His eyes were lit in beams of changing hue,
From steely grey to soft and pansy blue.
His figure, slim and strong, was full of grace,
A column fit to throne his head and face.

I loved the youngling Prince, but from afar,
As one may love a scintillating star.
I saw him in his energetic walk,
And once I heard his quick and sparkling talk.
At this, by subtle fancy lured and caught,
My mind revolved around one single thought:
May not this branch of Hohenzollern tree
Arise, some day, to set my people free?
May not the Lord vouchsafe him strength and
light
To challenge and defeat the Moscovite?

Soon William First, before his Maker stood;
Him followed Kaiser Frederick the Good,
Whose rein in tortured days away did fade,
And he to his eternal rest was laid.
"The King is dead, long live the King!" it rang
Through all the land. I heard it with a pang
Of joyous hope; for William Second's trend,
'Twas said, was not to pose as Russia's friend.
But years went by, and Poland's sorry lot
In William's onward march seemed quite forgot.

'Till Greed, the child of Cain, by envy sired,
Against the Germans and their wealth conspired.
Revived in Gallic breasts the ancient sting—
To fan a hate is but a little thing—
And then, the ever hungry Moscovite,
Was urged against the Germans to unite.
But William and his people, sword in hand,
Arose to fend the threatened Fatherland.
Yet floods shall never wash away the stain
From you, who sought this cruel war for gain.

Who thinks of little wrongs when millions fall?
Who counts his private griefs when orphans call?
Who can rejoice while lovers weep forlorn
And countless mothers in anguish mourn?
And you, who rose in all your soulless greed
The flow'r of youth war's sateless maw to feed,
How will you ever, in the Lord's own time,
Account for this atrocious, heinous crime?
How will you answer, when the blood-soaked sod
Accuses you before the living God?

For William and his people stood for peace;
He even bade domestic quarrels cease,
As would a father, when his sons are young,
Instruct them, that united they are strong.
He knew, you envied him his nation's wealth,
And freely built his power, not by stealth.
To me, he is a man of endless ruth,
A Prince, who fights for justice and for truth.
God bless you, William, Hero, Man and King!
May God thy people peace and gladness bring!

THE ANGELS OF RED CROSS
(Dedicated to Them)

Salute, Red Cross, the noble band,
Who labor without price;
Who go from home to foreign land,
In their self-sacrifice.
Nor fear exploding shells that kill,
And swiftly speeding lead,
That soon the woods and meadows fill
With wounded and the dead.

And as they work, with love untold,
Or close a glazing eye,
Death's agonies no terrors hold
With Angels standing by.
They Angels are to friend and foe,
With sympathy to loss;
God bless and ever keep them so,
The Angels of Red Cross.

Miscellany

THE WISDOM OF MIRZA-SHAFFY

(Bodenstedt)

I.

While trav'ling, Mirza-Shaffy to a rich man came,
And greeting, as befits a host, addressed the
same:

"I'd tarry, friend, and be your guest a day or
two,

To while away the time in pleasant talk with you.
Prepare a feast and summon all your dearest
friends;

For sriendship to my wit a double sparkle
lends".

"I have no friends," in sullen tones the man
replied.

At this the Poet gazed at him quite horrified.

"No friends at all," he said. "Then must I go,
nor wait

A single moment more in your abode of hate.

A man is surely cursed, if he so meanly lives,
That e'en his wealth no semblance of a friend
him gives.

Your house I leave, and shake the dust from off
my foot,

Nor deem you worthy e'en the sound of my
salute:

To whom the gracious God a single friend denies,
Then him does Mirza-Shaffy thoroughly despise."

II.

TOLERANCE

A happy man is good and clean,
For others' gladness makes him glad;
A wretched man is bad and mean,
For others' gladness makes him sad.

Oh, you, who in your pious wrath,
Hate all who from your way dissent,
You find but sorrow on your path:
Your hatred is your punishment.

III.

GOOD CHOICE

Better stars without a gleam,
Than a gleam without the star;
Better nuts without the shell,
Than a shell and kernels far;
Better gold without a bag,
Than a bag without the gold;
Better wine without a flask,
Than a flask sans wine to hold.

IV.

TRUTH

He who loves the truth had best
Quick his horse's bridle take;
He who thinks the truth had best
Firm his foot in stirrup make;
He who speaks the truth had best
With a pair of wings awake!
Mirza-Shaffy holds withal:
He who lies, his jaws should break.

V.

DISPENSATION

A new commandment is this day
By Mirza-Shaffy given :
No one on earth henceforward may
By indigence be driven.

Where love, with youthful lips begins,
In sweeter sin has ended—
All melancholy kissing sins,
Are now hereby suspended.

The sapless kiss a sinner gave
Shall be a snake that hisses ;
Until his sins away he lave
In floods of burning kisses.

VI

WISDOM

When I in wisdom tried to rise,
I found, that as a rule,
A wise man never is so wise
As thinks himself the fool.

VII.

MODERATION

Enjoy the scent the roses give,
Nor break their hearts in twain;
If you inhale and let them live,
No thorn will cause you pain.

VIII.

CONCERNING WIT

A good wit should always be
Without the least resistance;
Is not its own poesy
To go into the distance.

IX.

BREVITY

The best wit is ever
Brilliant, quick and short,
And is for the clever
Literary sport.

X.

WIT AND VERSE

A wit, like tongues of snakes, is jerked out,
Quickly, darting and pointed;
A verse, like all of art, is worked out,
Measured, polished and jointed.

XI.

EQUALITY

In vain attacks the lower man
His vastly nobler brother;
A real diamond only can
Give polish to another.

XII.

THE PUTAIVE POET

The man who can't create his songs
From what, in life, he sees and feels,
To yonder brainless mass belongs
To whom his brainless song appeals.

XIII.

THE TRUE POET

The man whose sight in proper place is,
Whose thought finds speech that full of grace is,
To form a clear and rhythmic whole,
He holds the key, that like a mace is
Of power to unlock the places,
That lead us to the promised goal.

XIV

HYPOCRITES

You pray for Heaven's graces,
You rant in pious strains;
Yet hate distorts your faces
And poison swells your veins.

In intimate relation
You claim with God to stand,
And preach the world's salvation
With threat'ning sword in hand.

But men as you your way tread
Abhors the Lord above;
Ungodly is all hatred,
Divine alone is love.

XV

REWARD

A happy man will gladly give
Of joy to those who crave it;
For joy comes always back to him
Who full and freely gave it.

XVI

FUTURE PLEASURES

We must the Prophet's word believe,
That all the good and truly wise
The rarest pleasures shall receive
In Allah's golden Paradise.

And yet if one expects to share
In joys that are the very best,
One ought himself on earth prepare
And put the pleasures to the test.

A man would know in some sort well
The pleasures once he hopes to get;
If none there be (and who can tell?)
He'd have, at least, no deep regret.

KING SOLOMON AND THE BIRD

King Solomon, one day, overheard
The boastings of a singing bird,
And was chagrined, yet half amused,
To hear his matchless works abused.
“This temple,” said the bird, “isn’t worth
A bird’s nest made within the earth.
His palace, famed in ev’ry land,
That could, he thinks, a siege withstand,
My left foot, with a single thrust,
Could make it crumble into dust.”
At this the Monarch’s anger flared.
He called the bird such words had dared,
And said: “You boast; but I consent.
Destroy, or take your punishment.”
“If you are famed,” the bird replied,
“For wisdom, then that fame has lied.
I boasted, but within my nest;
A man’s dominion needs some zest.
He’s knocked about so much in life,
May not he boast before his wife?”
He trilled, then quick away he ran,
But Solomon was a wiser man.

THE PASSPORT

(A Russian Border Episode)

Our train had neared the line. A soldier called,
“Pashport! Passport!” At this I was appalled;
I had no passport, that ungodly writ,
Which one must carry like a slave’s perfit.
And as the soldier looked around and called
aloud,

There was a quick compliance by the crowd;
For else, not one who travelled in the train,
Could pass the border to the Czar’s domain.
“Pashport!” As I alone no passport showed,
The Russian’s little eyes with malice glowed.
Like points of flame, they seemed to pierce me
thru

With keen, malign intent, as if he knew;
As if he knew, and soon would grimly stretch
His claw-like hand to grasp the daring wretch.

You ask wherefore I came? An impulse brisk
Had moved me on. I thought it worth the risk
To greet old friends, and also, with bowed head,
Abide at hallowed graves of my dear dead.
But I, a Pole, without the Czar's consent
Had gone, and now must suffer punishment.
'Tis Russian law, and this infernal law
Would crush me and engulf me in its maw
My body shook with enervating chill,
My heart declined with agonizing thrill;
Against each other, like dry castanets,
My teeth did click; forsooth, 'tis fear that lets
The heart's blood drop by drop deplete our life;
For hope gives strength as does heroic strife.

Anon, the soldier, with a beastly snort,
Approached and grimly called, "Davvay Pash-
port!"

At this the light of day dissolved in gloom,
Whence rose the grinning ghosts of blackest
doom.

I saw myself within the Russian grip,
A thing of trembling clay and white of lip.
I smelt the foulness of the prison cell,
Before they sent me to that frozen Hell,
Where unto death the soul in anguish pines,
The God-accursed and dreadful Kara mines,
Where Russian guards with Hell's abandon
port!"*

And fray the flesh of convicts with the knout.
I felt the monster's touch; his rav'ning breath
Befouled me, and I died a tenfold death.

* Give passport.

And then, the wall of gloom was rent in twain;
I saw a light of hope and life again.
Revealed within my soul there was to me,
That Courage mated is with Liberty.
American was I! I was this, both,
By ardent love and by my solemn oath;
Entwined as one with all the strong and free:
No man who lives needs more than that to be;
None, too, who keenly loves the star-striped flag,
Will let his wit behind his courage lag;
He knows the meaning of "In God We Trust,"
And spends his substance wisely when he must,
In time of stress, to some such means resort
With one who fiercely calls, "Davvay Pashport!"

“Pashport!” He said it with the air of one
Who masks his ire. I searched. “My pass is
gone,”

I said, and tried the matter to explain,
Although I knew that all would be in vain.
At all events, ’twas wiser to impress
Him with my station than with my distress.

“I am a rich American,” I said,
And showed a letter; but he shook his head.
He wished to see the Eagle and the Seal
On U. S. paper, clear and full and real.
“Pashport?” There was a question in the sound,
To which I quick the saving answer found.
“My friend,” said I; “an Eagle you’d behold,
What say you then to one that’s made of gold?”

A bribe, you say? You fancy he was riled,
When forth I held my open palm and smiled?
Not so. His eyes enlarged, his face grew calm;
He smiled, and took the Eagle from my palm.
The feel of gold was like old wine to him;
It warmed his heart, nor was his face so grim.
He sighed as one who is completely fed,
And handed me a booklet which I read.
It was a local pass—a neat devise—
Whenever cases such as these arise.
His voice, before so raucous in command,
Was soft, his eye was sly, his smile was bland.
The Bear became a brother, if you please,
And passed me through with quickness and with
case.



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